"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, LONG MAY IT WAVE, O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE."

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RICHARD CORBALEY. ·西·西亚国际 沙田 550

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## ADVERTISING.

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# GOODS

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Is now requiring a splendil stock of Fall resolved energetically to pursue them. and Womer Goods, which he offers to the Ge its and Laties of Marshall and adjoining Con roes, at a law pate, and better variety than has ever (heretofore) been offered in Paymenth, and as he has no Pagerrs to divide. o his Neighbors. There is no humble about The Research, is well known as the Ost Page Store, where no time is lost by what is termed Jew ag down, and all his Customers can be at ushe I with goods at the same price. have o may wish, and is disposed to accomsin K consists in part of the following:

Chattes, Cassimeres, Kentucky Jeans, Satmets, Crash, Giegha as, Prouts, Selk, Poplius, and Madia De Luius at 15 wats per yard, goal, hand-

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Coarse, dear or cheap with qualifies an prices, warrante I to suit. Gloves any goin tily, for the largest women or the smalest Hose, cotton and woolen ace. Edgings &:..!

### CAR TO CHA HORE W

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To which he invites particular attention, as he has bought a pile and means tosell it, in fact it must be sold. and all he asks is for you to come and juquire the prices, examine the quality and try the fits, then he thinks you will purchase and be satisfied; a few of the articles are;

### OVER COATS.

Frock coats, Sack and Frocktees,

VESTS. satia clo" figured, and Valencias.

PANTS. black Casse ere, Satinet, Kentucky Jeans' port for yourself is a just one." Sheeps Grey, corduroy, and fancy cassimeres.

## ORPHAN.

A TALE, BY MES. MARY II. PARSONS.

(CONCLUBED.) Reader, the first dark passion that entered the heart of Clara Malverton, was At the end of six months. - 200 tered the heart of Clara Malverton, was If delayed until the end of the year, 250 envy. Of all the passions that exist in IF The above terms will be strictly ad- the human mind, envy is the most deba-Let it once acquire a strong hold, it will stir up the evil inherent within, until like hand of Almighty God, thy beauty would not protect thee from its desolating effects woman, despoiling her of that which conof ber duty to her uncle. the heart-so God has willed it; and man TAN Communications from a distance sho'd will not take to his bosom, in confidence and love, the woman who bears this Cain like mark upon her forehead.

> Clara Malverton broke the scal, and read the letter. She was alone, save the shadow of the Omnipresent-silence .-How terrible to the guilty is profound stillness! For the arst time in her life, Clara shuddered to look around; the cold arms of fear were folded over her! with a mighty effort she broke the spell thatenained her spirit; and ere she retired for the night, thought over her plans and

pursued by both mother and daughter, with a success that delighted them. So skillfully did they manage their game, he is said fird that he can sell, as low as any that Sydenham became convinced of Isabel's unworthiness. She rarely attempted to answer the insolent language of Mrs. Malverton; matil her uncle was well she resolved to bear, and to bear silently. He ment selling for such pay as the people, It would have broken the old man's heart to have seen the child of his dead sister go forth among strangers to earn her daily bread! And Isabe! knew it. Not for any sacrifice would she have pained the kindly bosom that had cherished her so tender-

bear on! But there was a yet heavier flashing eye of Sydenham: but she went and its sweet expression was upon her gain, nothing to lose.' Leave the coun- He dismounted fastening the horse himtrial for that lone orphin, a change hade on, with even more than her wanted se- face. She sought the chamber of her try he must if unsuccessful; what matter self, and with the step of one to whom come over Harry Sydenham. He to verity, to would the feelings of Isabel, uncle, the gift. So bitter had been Syden'am's Will you allow me to ask, Miss Everett, uncle good morrow! I am better, Isabel, solving to invite her to walk out, that he on the table, and materials for writingdisappointment that it imparted to his why you are here?" manner, a degree of coldness almost smounting to asperity. Isabel knew no control over her feelings; almost with a out, and you must accompany me.' her quite alone; she mentioned that her bore not the countenance of a happy or present further strange alteration of con- cry of anguish she exclaimed, duct. Oh! how deeply and bitterly she - To weep!-yes! to weep the bitter reached Mrs. Stanley's, Isabel was struck some days with a friend. Never had that likes not to be disturbed, and he turnfeit it! Oft times, when there was no tears of humiliation, wrong from the heart with something very like coldness in the Merton exerted himself so much to please, ed half angrily as the door opened and the ege to see, sive the maresting, tears of of a motherless child-lam here! Shame lady's reception of her; there was a total and Clara listened with a gracious ear to stranger entered. Sydenham rose from girl, men and boys not scepted. How, and anguish would moisten her pillow, and on the heads of those who have so cruel- absence of the cordiality and kindness, the glittering compliments offered up, as his seat, gazing in surprise at the immovshe would murmar, 'How very desolate I ly used me!' and the bitter tears stream- with which she had before welcomed her. incense to her vanity. Merton saw the able form before him, and he asked cold-

pers and Sales, Wash Bowls and Pitchen, Tea she uttered no complaint; nay she strove anguish cried unto her mother. - prise, and displeasure, as she answered, the corners of the mouth curved down, ger with the lofty and eagle glance—with eargestly to cheer the spirits of her uncle 'My mother you are in Heaven, but You must have known I did from the giving to her countenance an expression the ample and intellectual forehead, s. tuation in Mrs. Stanley's family was so pass.' readily consented, for Isabel had won her immediately left the room.

'And if I should be so very fortunate, deepest distress, he exclaimed: RATES A STID CALLEDO my dear Mrs. Stanly,' said Isabel, in con-Brush and wool hats, Silk Plush, Cotton Plush you make me the proposition as coming heart of that young girl is breaking!" entirely from yoursels? My uncle might Half kindly, half pityingly, Clara's eye When they reached the nursery, Mrs. worthy use of the secret you possess.' think it so strange that I should wish to dwelt upon Sydenham, and then in the Stanley rang for the servant who had been 'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Merton; you know 'Go to him,' he said, 'he has been there bleave him: and Isabel colored deeply, familiar language of the past time she the bearer of the note to Miss Everett. me, do you? my proud madam! then you daily; he has heard-ask if these things Per Coffee and Sigars very cheap, Pepper, for she had no desire to make known her addressed him:

actual situaton in her uncle's family. Mrs. Stanley, who had long suspected I cannot bear you should waste so much and turning to Isabel, said: the truth consented to do so; and then feeling upon one so utterly unworthy- I do not understand the motive that encountered her father, and her hardly letter-the attempt to embitter the mind about some speculation in which he was bel perused it, and without a word of ett, assist me in charge of these little to sit with her father and Isabel, lest her support.' Word for word, Richard Maldeeply interested. I grieve to say, that comment gave it into the hands of her un- girls?' -

this disclosure of her uncle's circumstances. And she rejoiced from her inmost friend but you-do not desert me!, heart, that she had not added to his anxicty by a recital of her own wrongs.

A few days after this conversation, in the evening, as Isabel watched by her uncle's side, he fell quietly asleep. She left the room, closing the door softly behind her, the family were dining out, and fearing no interruption, she sought the sing, the most demoralizing in its effects. drawing room. Opening the piano, she ran her fingers over the keys, the low, soft tones of her voice mingling mourna stream that has burst its boundary, the fully with the music. An old and simple mighty waters of crime, will wash away song it was, that she loved for her mothevery landmark of honor, virtue and er's sake. Ere she was half through, Advertisemen's will be conspicuously inser- truth! Ay-and wert thou fair maiden. memory of that mother's heart swept o'er fair even as her who passed under the her spirit, bowing it like a frail flower before the tempest. It is sad to see the roung so stricken, 'growing old before line after line, it draws upon the brow of their time! Her sobs died away, and something like peace stole into her heart stitutes her greatest charm -- gentleness of for she felt assured that her mother's blesexpression. Believe it for thine own sing was upon the faithful performance

> Much earlier than they were expected, Mrs. Malverton and Clara returned, accompanied by Sydenham. Every fact detailed by Mrs. Stanley to Isabel was known to both mother and daughter, and the anxiety of Mrs. Malverton to secure Sydenham for Clara, had grown into a cation of that kind from Mrs. Stanley re- if you feel quite rested this afternoon, he had been refused, Ned Merton drove desire so intense, that it blinded her quiral no answer.' She felt her situation will you give me half an hour's time, this up to a small country inn, about three judgment. She looked very angry at a parilous one, but she had gone too far evening when tea is over?' seeing Isabel in the drawing room, on to recede. She hoped Mrs. Stanly would . Haif a dozen if you wish, my dear girl; It was kept by one of the oldest inhabitheir return: it was unusual as she con- take offense at the message, and never and now I will release you from such close tants of the county, a man respected for fined herself very much to the sick room renew the subject. of her uncle. Mrs. Malverton could not The morrow came, and Isabel Everett Isabel turned away from that kindly and When Merton entered he found him in avoid noticing the agitation of Sydenham rose up with a heavy heart. She raised happy smile, she felt her bosom glow conversation with a man quite a stranger who rarely saw Isabel of late: traces there the chamber window. It was a glorious with the consciousness that she had been to him, but whose striking features and The system laid down by Clara was were of suffering, of recent tears that made his heart vibrate to behold. 'And hazy and shaded light, peculiar to the From the day Clara had been compell- questioned the landlord as to who he was, yet she will bear all this,' he thought, season of Indian summer. The air was ed to bestow some portion of her confi- and the answer seemed greatly to excite trather than secure by exertion her own very mild-soft and balmy it touched her dence upon Merton, he had been a nar- him. He paced the room for some min-

> > said Mrs. Malverton; 'your being here, is communion with nature, to look upon feelings that actuated her; yet he strove pectfully, and entered into conversation sufficient evidence that he has not the her silent everlasting repose-the far in vain to win from her own lips a con- with him. It was long and absorbing, affectionate behavior!"

the sick room as well as the rest of us?' and then as oft times it had cheered her creditors were at Merton's door at all him, although the evening was unusually ly! Well and noby did that young girl interroption, neither did she notice the well performed. Peace was in her heart, limited income-he had 'every thing to hour's time brought him to Sydenham's.

whom she hed g'ven the rich treasure of 'You promised to remain with, Mr. | 'Rless thee, Isabel, my child,' he said the morning of Mr. Malverton's ride to Lamps were lighted, the fire burned her young heart, seemed little to value Malverton, or I should not have left him, fondly, 'you are ever the first to bid your Mr. Stanley's, he called upon Clara re- brightly upon the hearth, books were up-

The face of Isabel were that touching room. She reached her own chamber, Mr. Stanley, she ventured to ask 'if Mrs. yet farther-to woo her for his wife .- honor of receiving.' Yet, even as he and forks enough to set very table in Mor- expression of mournfulness, peculiar to locked herself in, clasping her hands to- Stanley had heard from her young friend? That was quite a different affair; the pleasure poke, he felt regret for his ungracious the very young, when sorely smitten .- gether, she sank down, and in tones of Mrs. Stanley had regarded Isabel in sur- sed smile upon the lip faded away, and behaviour. Who was he? That stran-

with some portion of the gentle gaiety you will not desert me! How could such communication I made you.' that had once distinguished her. Every love as yours pass away! Look upon This is very strange, said Isabe!, I er's hopes. It was no time to hesitate, stores of a lifetime-the thin pale lips day his health-improved; and Isabel in me, mother, I have no friend but you!' never received any communication from and although Clara clothed the refusal in that looked like carving upon marblepursuance of a determination long since she was silent for a time, and then she you, whatever.' and and the stands of his suit, Merton, maddened like woman's when her youth is crowned and smill, carpet sacks and Bara door hinges formed, ventured to hint to a very estimanail glas, eachen ware, spoons large and ble friend of her uncle's, her desire to so insulted! Aunt-my aunt! and Isabel stant upon the face of Isabel, and was by disappointment, and dreading to meet with beauty! In low, clear, silver tones, small, files, mill saws and taper sugurs, all obtain a situation as governess in some shuddered at the dark thoughts rising convinced; she held out her hand. sizes, tape measures and shoc-knives, horse family of her acquaintance. This lady, within her, Then that low and sweet 'I see, my dear, there was a mistake; exposure -- that he would betray her to stranger said: 'Your father would not Mrs. Stanley, promised to make the ne- voice ruse up to the orphan's Father! in you will excuse my hastiness.' Isabel Sydenham. And then did he pour out have welcomed thus, his earliest and oldcessary inquiries, mentioning at the same earnest and supplicating prayer. Few warmly returned the pressure, while she his knowledge of all her secret plans, est friend. Boy, I am Richard Malvertime, her own wish to procure an in ever prayed as Isabel did. when the shad- waited with impatience to hear more .-- taunting her with her unavailing efforts ton!' structress in her family, but having spo. ow of evil thoughts lay heavy upon her Smiling upon her, Mrs. Stanley drew her to win the love of Harry. 'Can you bear Harry clasped the hand held out to him ken to a young friend of her own, she soul, and found their prayer answered!-- hand within her arm. must await her answer, before she of It was an hour that tried her faith, but You must come with me, Miss Ever- changing suddenly. 'No you cannot - testified strong emotion, as he bade him fered the situation to Miss Everett. The strength was given her; 'till the evil days ett, to see my little girls; I am sure Mr. Be my wife, and you shall never have welcome again to his native land.

very desirable, that Isabel begged her to Mrs. Malverton was confounded at the ments." ascertained what the answer of her young from Isabel; to cover her own confusion, ingly.

was sitting, in tones that betokened the have been here to-day."

Fine Bl'k. Mole-skin, Kossuth, Buena Vista clusion, 'as to enter your family, would there was a hopeless miserey-Clara, the it myself,' replied Mrs. Stanley as they will not be your wife, and I know you heads of the guilty. A strange story he

said, 'are you aware, my dear Miss Ever- listen, and then judge if Isabel Everett is has induced Miss Malverton to be guilty acquired composure gave way before his of Sydenham against Isabel—the foul ett, that Mr. Mulverton's situation as re- worthy of commiseration. This morn- of such dishonorable conduct; she would recital of the meeting with Ned. The wrong heaped upon the head of Isabel to gards pecuniary matters, is a very doubt- ing in crossing the hall, I met a servant alienate your best friends from you, and fresh air did not restore her spirits as she lower her in the esteem-and in concluful one? Clara mentioned to me that she of Mrs. Stanley's with a note directed to the sooner you are from under her roof, hoped it would. All that weary day her sion, he declared his belief, that Isabel believed her father's late attack was Miss Everett. As I was going to my the sooner your happiness will be secur- mind was harrassed and agitated. As it had borne all patiently, rather than disalmost wholly owing to anxiety of mind, father's room, I offered to take it. Isa- ed. Will you then, my dear Miss Ever- drew to a close, she could no longer dare tress her uncle by seeking the means of speculation has failed. Mr. Sydenham cle. It was an offer of the situation of 'I shall be most happy to do so!' ex- tion. She sought her own room, advanced a very considerable sum to meet govorness in Mr. Stanley's family. I am claimed Isabel. Oh! you know not what the should tell Harry!' the color left have excused a heavier fault than thine! the demand, and the whole transaction certain my father would have felt it a re- sacrifice I would make to secure an hon- her cheek and brow, and her dark eyes Aye-he saw it all now-oh! why had he has been kept a secret from your uncle, lief; too much anxiety he suffers on Isa- orable independence. I will ask my un- actuallay dilated with the agony of the not seen it before! because, Harry Sydenuntil his health is sufficiently restored to bei's account, had she closed with an of- cle's permission-I must expect opposi- thought. Oh, God! if he should tell Har- ham, in thine honorable and upright admit of his hearing it without danger. fer in every way so unexceptionable .- tion, but, it is due to myself, now to ry!' she clasped her hands tightly togeth- mind, there was no place for suspicion. Under these circumstances you cannot After reading the note he remained si- make exertion for my own support. But er, while her lips closed like a vice; and In that of Ned Merton there was ample but feel your determination to seek sup- lent. Isabel saw at a glance his fellings, oh! Mrs. Stanley, if my uncle should in- thus she sat, that fair girl, in the sunny room, and he saw deeply into the crooked and with tears she exclaimed,

'You know my father -- he promised her own head!' to endure ignominy and insult.'

was at Isabel, the tones of her voice were tion, to take her to his inmost heart and shield unlike Ned, it must be confessed,'

derstand it is a family affair.

indeed met the servant, and taken the ing in immediately.' who had waited for an answer, that Miss Isabel said: Everett desired her to say, 'a communi- 'This morning's ride will fatigue you; It was on the evening of the same day,

autumnal morning; the sun shone with a instrumental in causing it.

so much better that we will visit our might have an opportunity of conversing but the young master of that mansion, Isabel was tried too far, she lost all friends the Stanleys, for I am going to ride with her without interruption. He found half sitting, half reclining upon the sofa,

ed over her face as she hurried from the Observing her unch engaged with impression he had made, and he ventured ly and haughtily, who it was he had the

Malverton will excuse us for a few mo- cause to complain of the devotion of your 'Thou art very like thy father,' was the

friend would be. To this Mrs. Stanley and leave the matter in abler hands; she 'I cannot excuse a long absence of my Again Merton urged her; he painted in ness. The old landlord at the Inn recogway to a heart as open and affectionate as Sydenham crossed over to where Clara tenderness and care of me, I should not the consequences of her refusal; but she accosted me, saying that he was about to

> 'I can well believe your praise of Isa- and again she said: 'I cannot be deceived; in her voice be!'s nursing, having witnessed some of left the room.

He gave an account of all that had occur- know a man as reckless of consequences, are true!' 'I have come, Harry Sydenham, Sit down-beside me Henry Sydenham! red. Mrs. Stanley then dismissed him, and as unprincipled as yourself,' and so now listen!'

sist upon knowing my true reason for time of her youth! Guilt and despair ways of the human heart, when they were

Clara Malverton has brought shame upon for her there was no solitude! The void

while he lives. And now, Mr. Syeden- feel it most.' She said no more; and has filled that world with forms that ham, after hearing this account, can you they joined Mr. Malverton, and shortly make the blood to creep, and grow icy in believe that Isabel suffers so deeply? It after left. Isabel had not in a long time the veins, then is the mental hell begun grieves me to see the dislike my mother seen her uncle so cheerful. As the car- on earth. Dark thoughts, undefined and exhibits towards her; but I could not ask riage approached their home, they met shadowy, cramped the heart of Clara .-her to love one, whose fondness for the Ned Merton. Mr. Malverton stopped Exposule, shame, alienation from her fagood things of this life gives her strength the carriage to speak to him, but the bean ther, stared her in the face. Well did seemed discomposed and out of humor, she know that father-that he would nev-Sydenham made no reply; angry as he and passed on with a very slight saluta- er take to his heart and cherish there, a

had not produced the intended effect, but Clara was upon the steps equipped for up in the way she should go.' The right she thought, and rightly, that his excited walking. Her father asked her what ail- principles of action were not instilled feelings blinded his judgment. He soon ed Merton, as it was the first time he had into her mind. She was told not to lie; ever seen a frown upon his smooth fore- but the strong hand of parental authori-'It is scarcely necessary. Mr. Syden- head; and then he laughingly related their ty had not broken a vice which seems ham,' said Clars, 'to caution you as to encounter. Clara was evidently agita- inherent in the minds of the very young. keeping this matter secret. You will un- ted, and she said abruptly to her father, Full scope had been given to the indul-'You are exposing yourself in a most gence of her vanity. by a frivulous and Well might she caution him! She had needless manner, I would advise your go- worldly mother. Could it be expected

and saw at once the rain it would bring would have told me far more tenderly! like the flowers upon Etna's side, are upon her schemes. She told the servant. They walked into the house -- at his door soon buried beneath the burning lava, of

attendance upon your old uncle.' When his honesty and integrity of character .-

cheeks, like the south wind of early sum- row observer of her conduct. And he utes apparently in earnest cogitation, then 'I need not ask if your uncle is asleep,' mer. It sooths the weary-hearted to hold knew almost as well as herself, the secret advancing, he addressed the stranger resuse of his eyes, to note your dutiful and mountains are the same yesterday, to day fession of the whole or part. She turned when over, the stranger rose, and inquirand to-morrow; they are surety that in a deaf ear to every hint, and never in the ed if his horse was ready, (it being in 'Dear mamma!' exclaimed Clara, de- our Creator there is no change. Full of most distant manner alluded to the letter, consequence of an accident to the animal precatingly, 'may not Isabel be weary of consolation to Isabel was that thought; or what she had done with it. Angry he had stopped,) he drew a cloak around Mrs. Malverton took no notice of the before, came the consciousness of duty hours of the day-he had far overrun his mild, mounted and rode off. Half an then, how much he offended Clara! On the scene was familiar, entered the house. Isabel joyfully accepted. When they mother had gone that morning to spend occupied mind. He was in the mood of haughtiness little favorable to a lov- where thought had garnered the rich honey words, it was a most unequivocal but around which hovered an expression his hungry creditors, threatened her with slightly tremulons from emotion, the this exposure,' he said, his whole manner between his own, while his countenance husband.'

defer making any inquiries until it was unexpected burst of feeling that escaped Mr. Malverton shook his head smil- 'I cannot be your wife; I would be denham for that father's sake.' willing to be your friend,' she answered. | 'But I came here to-night upon busigentle nurse; in very truth, but for her colors that chilled the blood in her veins, nized me; upon hearing my name, a man struggled with the fear that possessed her, leave the country, and he believed Prov-

too well to think you would make an un- told me, Harry Sydenham; and bade me

he left her. Clara equipped for walking. Merton told all; the secretion of the unwonten manner should attract atten- verton detailed the whole story. Harry

Isabel heard with great astonishmen Do not give me up to the cold charity leaving his house-what can I say?' was in her heart. Beauty was gone from coil.

of strangers, my dear uncle! I have no | 'The truth!' said Mrs. Stanley, sternly; her countenance-peace from her bosom; around her was peopled with the world her that protection, that will never fail 'Ah! thought Isabel, 'but my uncle will of her imagination, and when conscience child whose conduct had been so dishonsounding in his ear. Oh! how he wished Very odd!' said Mr. Melverton, 'very orable and base. And yet upon the head of that father there was condemnation: her from every ill. Clara saw that she When the carriage drove to the door, his child had been given him to 'train when the test came, she could bear it? note eddressed to Isabel, had opened it, 'So I am,' was the reply; 'but Isabel No! Principles, such as she possessed, envy, ambition and hate!

> miles from the place of Clara's residence. lotty bearing aroused his curiesity. He

answer; 'and I will love thee, Harry Sy-

idence had throw me in his way, that he Do not urge me, you know me not! I might by the hand of justice upon the come to you as a Witness of its truth .--

Sydenham, the agony of that hour might